with his recitation until they paid to alone.

Long before I knew that the child was such a reprobate I had given him a to the gallery a Temple Shake-speare ! I derived such pleasure from Ms version of the " Mercy " speech from " The Merchant of Venice " that I still think he was. ill-paid!

" The quality of mercy is not strange
It droppetfa, as ***the*** gentle rain from 'Eaven
Upon *the* place beneath ; it is twicet bless.
It blesseth in that gives ia that takes
It is in the mightiest—in the mightiest
It becomes the tlironed monuk better than
Its crownd.
It's an apprftrate to God inseli
It is in the thorny 'earts of Mugs
But not in the fit and dread ol Mugs/'

I asked the boy what he meant to be when lie a man.. He answered with decision : "A reciterer."

I also asked him what he liked best ia the play (" Henry VIIL").

" When the blind went up and down and you smiled,*[1]

he replied—surely a naive compliment to my way of " taking a call" ! Further pressed* he volunteered :

" When yon lay on the bed and died to please the angels."